

## ii. Again

Sunshine so warms this deep chair  
that to sit down here is to sink into summer.

Hope wears a sweater with deep pockets.  
Despair plays a distant flute in the dark.

Come hither o my love,  
that we may in each other's company

converse and share the hours.  
Let the sea listen and gulls on one leg nod.

We have more to say than time.  
Come hither o my love.

part ii of "Live Long Enough," from *One Hour That Morning & Other Poems*  
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